Bounds of experience

i gazed upon a blade of grass
and saw the world unfold -
i saw a line of symmetry
dividing left and right
and down that line was strength
where if i stripped i knew
the shear would never cross
and only run with it -
i saw a leaf
designed to catch the sun
a living thing with chlorophyll
the molecule that's powered all our cars
this part of our environment
this little cog in great machine -
and then i saw myself unfold
i saw a unity and whole
a present and a past
a future grown from these
and what is more i saw a life
a purpose and a will.
i saw the world unfold - the world
and cannot start to tell
the breadth and depth of what i saw
because its nuance just defies
the clumsy tool that language is
(a second's thought might take a year to tell)
- so my experience will stay with me
untold or partly aired
because in all complexity
such knowns are poorly shared.